

The soul within her eyes seemed to start back from him.

"Come to you!" she repeated wonderingly, with a half smile upon her lips.

"Come to me, yes; for ever, Lischen, and be my wife."

Suddenly she snatched her hands away and covered her face with them, turning aside from him. He rose slowly, and strove to comfort her; but he was timid, as a man must be when he loves his first love truly, and tries to win her. There seemed to be some great struggle in her heart, for she was trembling violently. At last, she turned; he was wonderstruck by the deep bliss in her look; but though there was a thrill in her voice as sometimes in her singing, she did not lose her quiet dignity of address.

"You are very good to me," she said, in the idiom of her country; "and I am too good to you to let you marry a poor girl when you might have some grand lady who could make you happy."

"Oh! Lischen, do you not know, then, that for every man there is but one woman in the world who can make him happy, and you are that one to me. I want *you*, nothing else."

The poor jug stood, running over, and no one heeded it; a nightingale sang, though it was day, and little blossoms from the trees fell at the feet of the lovers, but Mother Müller had to wait and cool her anger as she might, for no Lischen came back with the water for an hour's time. And when she came, it was as if the pale and green bud, close shut and unheeded, had suddenly opened in the morning sunshine into the grand white lily, like a glory of purity and perfection.

In the Schweigerthal there is a little graveyard, and therein stands a cross of marble, with this inscription:

To

LISCHEN

For three years the joy of a
most loving husband.

Well, a flower had opened and bloomed and faded: but he whose hand had held it, whose gaze had rested on it so lovingly, knew that it was blooming still in Paradise. In winter the snow of heaven covers the grave; in spring the snow of the hawthorns: but the eternal Sun still shines above, and human grief and hope look on towards the day when, as flowers from the soil, the loved and lost shall rise in new glory from their quiet sleeping-places.

 The second part of Rev. W. Begg's admirable discussion of *Beauty* was mislaid till too late for insertion in our present number. It will appear in our next issue.